I care not what, so it be wholsome foode.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall haue the Mustard
Or else you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miserie:
Go get thee gone I say.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerefully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merits thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are to blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou loueſt mee:

Much

Much good do it vnto thy gentle
Kate eate apace; and now my ho
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers
And reuell it as brauely as the bes
With silken coats and caps, and g
With ruffes and Cuffes, and Fard
With Scarfes, and fannes, and do
With Amber Bracelets, Beads, an
What hast thou din'd? The Tailo
To decke thy bodie with his ruffl
Enter T
Come Tailor, let vs see these orna
Enter Haberd
Lay forth the Gowne. What new
Fel. Heere is the cap your Wo
Pet. Why this was moulded o
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd a
Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-she
A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies c
Away with it come let me haue a
Kate. Ile haue no bigger; this
And Gentlewomen weare such c
Pet. When you are gentle, you
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in hast
Kate. Why sir I trust I may ha
And speake I will. I am no childe
Your beeters haue indur'd me say
And if you cannot, best you stop
My tongue will tell the anger of
Or else my heart concealing it wi
And rather then it shall, I will be
Euen to the vttermost as I please
Pet. Why thou saiest true, it is
A custard coffen a bauble, a silke
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st
Kate. Loue me, or loue me no
And it I will haue, or I will haue
Pet. Thy gowne why I: come

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